THE MASTER GUIDE

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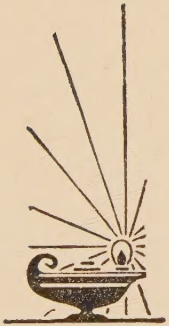

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THE KEY TO THE MASTER CLASSICS

THIS small book which you hold in your hand was begun five thousand years ago. We might, of course, say it was begun at the beginning of the world, but it seems better to take off somewhere near the time when the first ancestor of the modern book appeared, bearing about as much relation to books as we know them as the three-toed ancestor of the horse bears to the rapidly disappearing horse of the present time.

The history of bookmaking proper began when a man (perhaps because a woman told him to) first scratched marks on an oyster shell or a shoulder blade and put them aside so he could read them later, or so she could read them or so friends of theirs could read them. The story of how this book came from that oyster shell or that shoulder blade is a long one and involves many materials and many processes, one of which, we venture to say, was, next to the invention of the alphabet, the most momentous single invention in the history of mankind. We mean the invention of printing, the handmaiden of all others.

The invention of the alphabet involved the invention of writing, which meant that a permanent (though laborious) record of achievement could be made. It meant that a man could communicate with his friends at a distance and that he could leave behind a record for all generations that were to come. So long as the process was slow, it was expensive and remained in the possession of a small select group which guarded it jealously.

Printing changed all this so completely that it came to mean more to the world than any of the great revolutions—the French, the Russian, the Chinese, the industrial, or any other. And yet it slipped into the world quietly. There was nothing spectacular about it. It was, in a sense, nothing new. It was simply an easy way of doing something that had been done for many centuries. It looked, in its first days, very much like handwriting, and was, indeed, a substitute for it. But it meant that the accumulated knowledge of the past could be in the hands of all people instead of a few. It meant democracy in thinking, and it meant that one of the most delightful ways of earning one's bread and butter—that is, making books—was henceforth to be in the hands of a large army of enthusiasts.

From the beginning the men who have made books have enjoyed making them. It is fun to be a publisher.

From the beginning the men (and we include the women too) who have written books have also enjoyed writing them. It is fun to be an author. You may hear one say, or you may see it printed under his name somewhere, that he suffers while he writes. No doubt he does, but the suffering belongs with those pleasures born of pain, like love. Not for a king's ransom would we be without it.

It is the fashion now, if one can believe the advertisements, to be sorry for the reader, but the plain truth is that of all those connected with books he is the one who has the best time, for his position carries none of the responsibility that goes with publishing them and none of the suffering that goes with writing them. He is warned, nowadays, that he is to be smothered with books. We can imagine much worse things happening to him, but if he has even so much as a thimbleful of sense, we see no reason why this fate should overtake him. To read all the books that have ever been published would be like trying to have a personal acquaintance with all the hundred million people in the world to-day. It isn't possible and wouldn't be desirable if it were. The fact that there are 1,747,999,999 people in the world besides yourself does not bother you. The ones that really belong to you manage to find you. Your friends drift casually and delightfully into your life (Isn't that the way books come?), and

you comfort yourself with the fact that there are so many charming people in the world that it is not necessary to worry your head about the others. Usually a glance is enough to tell you whether you want a further acquaintance with a person or not. So with books. It should not take you more than a split second to decide whether or not you would enjoy a volume called *Thermionic Vacuum Tube Circuits.*

All that you need to remember as you reach out your hand for a book is that there are endless other books where that one came from and you can never go bankrupt on this score no matter how extravagant you are. It is one of the exceedingly few pleasures that age cannot wither nor custom stale.

The selections in "The Master Classics" are there because they have already enchanted so vast a group of people that the editors feel certain that they will do the same for many more. Some of the selections are recent, but they are all of such high quality that it seems that they are on their way to joining the body of literature that is permanent. The Spartans at Thermopylæ in 820 B. C. are no more and no less thrilling than the Allied troops at Gallipoli in 1915. Both are here, and the reader who can pass over either without a leap of the heart has a most unusual kind of heart. Several of the short stories have appeared on many lists of the "best" in the world.

Such are "The Procurator of Judea," by Anatole France, "The Necklace," by De Maupassant, and "The Forty-seven Ronins," which is the greatest, without question, of all Japanese stories, ancient or modern. "The Prisoners in the Caucasus" is one of the two of his own stories that Tolstoy liked. Most of the names in the volume of fiction (and indeed in the other volumes), like good wine, need no advertisement beyond that which they carry in themselves: Joseph Conrad, Booth Tarkington, Thomas Hardy, Edna Ferber, Rudyard Kipling, Balzac, Hawthorne, Boccaccio, Poe, and Henry James.

No adventures in fiction are more exciting than the real adventures of Carl Akeley with elephants in Africa or William Beebe with hoatzins in South America, or A. R. Wallace with cannibals in Borneo, or A. W. Kinglake with camels in the Sahara. You cannot have a more charming visit than that of Irving with Scott, and you could not have enjoyed that one more if you had taken it in person. You will not find a jollier or more stimulating group than Dr. Johnson's, which included Boswell, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Oliver Goldsmith, nor a more delightfully rowdy one than Falstaff's. You will not find a more curious and interesting person than Cato, and you will not find a better way of becoming acquainted with him than through Plutarch. You cannot find a more surprising dinner companion

than Lord Macaulay as he presented himself to Greville, nor could you visit, even in fiction, a stranger household than that of the Brontës. It is possible for you to be present at some of the greatest crises in the world's history—to cross on a slave ship from Africa, to join in the crowd at the storming of the Bastille, to be in prison in the Black Hole at Calcutta, to witness the trial of Warren Hastings, to watch London burning, to flee from the city during the great plague, to stand on the quarterdeck while Drake goes round the world, to watch Constantinople fall, to see the pillage of the churches of the Netherlands, and all the while never to leave the security of the four walls of the house you live in.

You can talk with George Gissing on the pleasant delights of living in the country, with Oliver Wendell Holmes on conversation, with Schopenhauer on women (dangerous topic!) with Jean Jacques Rousseau on the education of the sense of touch, with Michael, Lord of Montaigne on the education of children, with Coleridge on irritability in men of genius, with Sir Richard Steele on good temper, with Jonathan Swift on the art of political lying, with Leigh Hunt on getting up on cold mornings, with Izaak Walton on fishing, with John Ruskin on snakes, with Brillat-Savarin on the table joys that a turkey has to offer. And all without leaving your chair.

You can climb the Alps with Clayton Hamil-

ton, you can wander through Spain with George Borrow, distributing Bibles on the side, you can drift through the South Seas with Pierre Loti, and sweep round the Horn with R. H. Dana. You can go to the woods with David Grayson or walk wherever you choose with Robert Louis Stevenson. You can sing songs with William Shakespeare, Robert Herrick, Ben Jonson, Sidney Lanier, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Carl Sandburg, with mediæval balladists, with Tennyson, with Browning, with Browning's wife, with Keats, Shelley, Byron, and two or three hundred others—and not leave your own fireside.

You can eavesdrop the love scenes between Roxane and Cyrano, between Faust and Margaret, between Samson and Dalila. You can stand by and not feel embarrassed when Electra reaches out her arms to her brother from whom she has been separated for many years under very tragic circumstances. You can hear the farewell between the ruler of the gods and the valkyrie who has disobeyed him, and you can steal into Arcadia with the fairies or hide behind a curtain while a man is being murdered—and all on your way to and from the office.

You can look over Queen Elizabeth's shoulder when she writes a love letter, or over Plutarch's as he does what he can to console his wife on their daughter's death. You can read Lamb's letter telling Coleridge about the murder of his

mother. You can read Shelley's invitation to Leigh Hunt to visit him and Byron in Italy. You can read Mary Shelley's letter on the death of Shelley. You can read Chesterfield's admonishments to his son and Dr. Johnson's admonishments to Chesterfield. You can read Lady Mary Wortley Montagu on visiting harems and on vaccination for smallpox. It was she who brought vaccine to England. You can read Pope to I. N. on being killed by lightning. You can read Mendelssohn on music and Nietzsche on Wagner. And this is only the minutest fraction of what the twelve volumes in the "Master Classics" have to offer you.

One of the greatest advantages they have lies in the fact that you can go into the adventures they present no matter where you are. The books are small enough to fit into almost any pocket and light enough not to be burdensome. But if you find that a story is not appealing on the train or in a stiff and uncomfortable chair, take it somewhere else and try it. Certain surroundings make almost any book agreeable, "just as," to quote the delicious author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden,* "bread and butter, devoid of charm in the drawing room, is ambrosia eaten under a tree." Elizabeth's own library was one to lend grace to dull books—"rather too gay for an ideal library; and its colouring, white and yellow, is so cheerful as to be almost frivolous. There are

white bookcases all round the walls, and there is a great fireplace, and four windows, facing full south, opening on to my most cherished bit of garden, the bit around the sundial; so that with so much colour and such a big fire and such floods of sunshine it has anything but a sober air, in spite of the venerable columes filling the shelves. Indeed, I should never be surprised if they skipped down from their places, and, picking up their leaves, began to dance."

Walt Whitman was one of your outdoor readers. "Summers and falls," he says, "I used to go off, sometimes for a week at a stretch, down in the country, or to Long Island's seashore—there in the presence of outdoor influences, I went over thoroughly the Old and New Testaments and absorb'd (probably to better advantage for me than in any library or indoor room—it makes such a difference where you read) Shakespeare, Ossian, the best translated versions I could get of Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, the old German 'Nibelungen,' the ancient Hindoo poems, and one or two other masterpieces, Dante's among them. As it happen'd, I read the latter mostly in an old wood. The Iliad (Buckley's prose version) I read first thoroughly on the peninsula of Orient, northeast of Long Island, in a shelter'd hollow of rocks and sand, with the sea on each side. (I have wondered since why I was not overwhelm'd by those mighty masters. Likely because I read

them, as described, in the full presence of Nature, under the sun, with the far-spreading landscape and vistas, or the sea rolling in.")

Most people prefer to be buried in cushions at a fireside, or propped on cushions in bed, but most of us cannot choose such ideal spots, and there are improvements we could suggest even on these. On winter nights, when our arms are cold and tired from holding a book, we have even gone as far as to envy Miss Helen Keller who takes her Braille books to bed with her, lays them across her body under the cover and reads with her finger tips.

It would be pleasant to say that reading these books will add money to your pocket, that it will make you socially attractive, that it will in every way promote your material well being. It may even do just that, but the men and the women who wrote them and the men and women who brought them together had no such idea in mind. They were written and collected to give you a good time. Your life is divided into three compartments, each one of which spills over into the other two: the time you sleep, the time you work, and the time you play. If you sleep well, you are ready for work; if you work well, you are ready for play; and if you play well, you are ready to go eagerly back to work. These books are for your play time, but you will find that you will sleep better and work better because of them.

Now let us begin. One way would be to shut your eyes and pick up a volume. Another would be to select an author you like or one you think you will like, still another would be to take the form that seemed suited to your mood—poetry to-day, essays to-morrow, poetry again the next day, and then something else—history, for example. There are many others. The following "guide," (which includes only a small part of the material in the set) consisting of a short selection for every day in the week (counting six days to a week) for a year has been prepared for those who prefer a systematic method to a haphazard one.

JANUARY

FIRST WEEK

1. Let us slip into the person of an old friend of ours, a young man by the name of Washington Irving, and pay a visit to Sir Walter Scott, III, 1. Scott is now living on his beautiful estate at Abbotsford. Like Shakespeare, he seems to have had the very human desire to impress the people back home, and like Shakespeare, he chose to do it by buying the handsomest and most expensive house he could find. We have a letter of introduction from the poet, Campbell. We are sure that our name is not unknown to the Laird, and while we have a modest appreciation of our own worth, we are very much excited over the prospect of actually coming face to face with one of the most famous men of letters in Europe.

2. Irving's account of this visit gives a charming picture both of himself and of Scott, but it is one that needs supplementing in both directions. If it is Irving that interests you most, read his description of the little Dutch village, of Broëk, VIII, 204, which certain of the faithful in Holland declare was the first resting place of our first

parents. If you want more Irving after this, you must rummage in your attic and get out your battered old *Sketch Book*. You will find that it is not the book you thought it was when you read it in school.

3. If it is Scott you want, try "Lochinvar," IX, *I*, 114. There is a certain leap that young Lochinvar makes in the course of this poem, just after he has swung the young lady up to the saddle, which Irvin S. Cobb says is impossible. "Not even," we quote exactly, "if he had been as limber as a yard of fresh tripe could he have done it." But Sir Walter says he did! What do you think?

4. In a country like Scotland, where there is a long warlike tradition and songs and tales are handed down by word of mouth, certain poems come into being without anyone's knowing exactly where they come from. They tell a story and are very close to the "folk." They are called ballads. As a little boy, Scott had heard many of them from his grandmother and had a good collection of them by the time he was ten years old. As he grew older, he became interested in preserving them and spent a good many years gathering them into a book which he called *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. One of the ballads in his collection was "The Wife of Usher's Well," *IX, I,* 129,

She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

You must remember that this is a very old poem and not be frightened by the unfamiliar spelling in it. The ghostly quality is characteristic of many ballads.

5. Sir Walter liked this kind of poem so much that he tried writing it himself. His are not true ballads, for a ballad, as we have indicated before, belongs to the people and is made, or at least altered and handed down, not by one person but by a group. But his are interesting. You will notice that the story is not directly told but is implied, and that there is a little touch in both cases of the same eerie quality that distinguished "The Wife of Usher's Well." "Proud Maisie," IX, *I,* 121. "County Guy," IX, *I,* 118.

6. Now read "Harp of the North," IX, *I,* 119. In this poem, Sir Walter sings of his decision to leave behind the writing of verse and take up the more serious matter of writing prose. There were several reasons for this, and not the least of them was the fact that a young poet by the name of Byron had temporarily thrown all other poets into the background.

SECOND WEEK

1. While we are in Scotland, we might as well do what Irving did, and go over to Ayr to visit the birthplace of Robert Burns. Scott and Irving spoke of Burns, you remember, and Irving ran forward in his story to tell about the old Scotch carpenter he found who had known Burns personally, who said that "it seemed to him as if the country had grown more beautiful since Burns had written his bonnie little songs about it." To get what he meant it is only necessary to read "Sweet Afton," IX, *I,* 126, "Banks of Doon," IX, *I,* 3, or "My Heart's in the Highlands," X, *II,* 142.

2. But more than the country itself Burns loved the people. "The Cotter's Saturday Night," X, *II,* 174.

From scenes like those old Scotia's grandeur springs.

3. Even, or perhaps we should say, especially, the disreputable ones like "Tam o'Shanter," IX, *I,* 170.

4. In speaking of his education, Burns once said that all the Latin he knew was contained in three words, *omnia vincit amor.* His love poems, addressed now to this lady and now to that, are

among his most delightful contributions to that extremely attractive branch of literature. "Highland Mary," X, *II,* 36, "O My Luve is Like a Red, Red Rose," IX, *I,* 225.

5. Here are a few more:
"O Saw Ye Bonnie Leslie?" IX, *I,* 224. "Ae Fond Kiss," X, *II,* 33. "Of a' the Airts," X, *II,* 37.

6. This same Burns is to-day the best loved song writer in the language, and yet in his own time he was an outcast, and the respectable citizens of his native town used to cross to the other side of the street to keep from speaking to him. It was in a moment of indignation against a group of people who had asked him to entertain them and had made him wait in the kitchen until they were ready for him that he wrote his famous "For a' That," X, *II,* 183. It has been said that if the Declaration of Independence were burned and the Magna Carta forgotten, the social creed of all manly men would still be found in this poem.

THIRD WEEK

1. It is hard to leave Burns. If you would know what his childhood was like and what the forces were that turned him to poetry, read his own account of himself, XII, 91.

2. There is one group of people that can hardly hope for justice from Burns's hands, and they are those in power. But for anyone who is unfortunate he has only the warmest rush of sympathy, which sometimes almost runs away with him, as in the poem "To a Mouse," X, *II,* 130.

3. It is from another of Burns's poems bearing the inelegant title, "To a Louse," X, *II,* 128, that two of the most frequently quoted lines in all poetry are taken:

> O wad some Power the giftie gie us
> To see ourselves as ithers see us!

4 and 5. Important as Burns is, he is not the only author the Scottish peasantry has furnished us. Thomas Carlyle was another, and in many ways his life was no more felicitous than that of his countryman. He was unhappily married to a woman considered his social superior. For many years he was held entirely to blame for their misunion, but a careful study of Mrs. Carlyle's personality seems to indicate that she was not altogether free from fault herself. Some of her letters are in V, 69–80, including a fragment respecting her marriage with Carlyle. Another glimpse of her may be had from Leigh Hunt's poem, "Jennie Kissed Me," X, *II,* 114.

6. Turn now to Carlyle himself. Carlyle had a theory that history was made up of the movements of certain great men whom he calls "Heroes." In this study of Dante he treats the "Hero" as a poet, III, 233.

FOURTH WEEK

1. On the chance that by now you are feeling argumentative and dissatisfied, we shall give you something really to argue about: Schopenhauer's hotly contested essay "On Women," VIII, 48. Nearly everyone has observed that in most of the lower animals, it is the male that is the more beautiful of the two. Schopenhauer says the same thing is true of human beings, only we are too stupid to see it. It is the men and not the women that are beautiful. "It is only the man whose intellect is clouded by his sexual impulses that could give the name of the fair sex to that undersized, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped, and short-legged race." These are his words—some of them. And there are many more!

2. To restore your faith, read "Patient Griselda," by Boccaccio, VII, *II,* 187. Women are not like that now, but perhaps once they were. It is one of the very few stories in the *Decameron* now considered decent, and was put there,

someone has said maliciously, so that there would be one that could be included in school collections. The st ies in the *Decameron* were told again and agai n by writers all over western Europe. Geoffrey Chaucer made a charming version of this one, in verse, in "The Clerkes Tale."

3. To get a good point for the women's side, read "Chorus of Women," by Aristophanes, X, *II,* 73. Aristophanes was born about four hundred years before Christ, but his argument is still good.

4. "A Bachelor's Complaint," Charles Lamb, VIII. Here is a sample of what you will find:

If a man were to accost the first homely-featured or plain-dressed young woman of his acquaintance, and tell her blluntly, that she was not handsome or rich enough for him, and he could not marry her, he would deserved to be kicked for his ill manners; yet no less is implied in the fact, that having access and opportunity of putting the question to her, he has never yet thought fit to do it.

5. A word of advice to the ladies: "To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time," Robert Herrick, IX, *I,* 220.

6. To a Lady who smoked tobacco, V, 171.

FEBRUARY

FIRST WEEK

1. We now come to February, a month adorned with the birthdays of Lincoln and Washington, which leads us to a reflective essay by Francis Bacon, "Of Great Place," VIII, 80. This is the Bacon who has been believed by some to have written Shakespeare's plays. Friendships have been lost over it, but this is no place to argue it out. If you are interested, you can find the high points in an extremely entertaining unscholarly book by Mark Twain called *Is Shakespeare Dead?* in which reference is made to more erudite volumes on the subject.

2. In selecting something to speak for Lincoln we have avoided his state utterances and have turned instead to his familiar letters, V, 226–235. We have chosen nine, many of them characteristically short. The first is autobiographical. The others are on such subjects as borrowing money, 230, moving, 232, and rising in the world, 229. Two were addressed to General Grant, one in apology, 232, the other in connection with his

(meaning Lincoln's) son, 235. The famous letter to Mrs. Bixby is given, 235, and also another to a poor widow in great distress because of her son, 234.

3. "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight," Vachel Lindsay, X, *II,* 201.

4. The place where Washington was happiest was in the administration of Mt. Vernon, which he did so very well that he has sometimes been called our first business man. The letter reproduced here was written to his overseer concerning the management of the estate, V, 207. Elsewhere we have said that reading history is a walk outdoors in the past. Mt. Vernon is one of the few places in this country where this can be done literally, without a book.

5 and 6. Both the men of whom we have been speaking are moderns "in great place." Run back a few centuries now and look at a self-made Roman, Cato, II, 53, whose name became a byword for virtue. At the time of Rome's debauch of luxury, Cato set the example of economy and simplicity, but whether because he was innately stingy or because he was deeply interested in the good of the state his biographer (the greatest biographer of ancient times, Plutarch) does not consider himself capable of saying. But the evidence is here—you can decide for yourself.

SECOND WEEK

1. February is likewise distinguished by having St. Valentine's Day in it. This turns us naturally to the Seventeenth Century which had gayer, lighter love poems than any other before or since. It may be of interest to note that while we have six different ladies in the following poems, we have only two poets: "To Amarantha, that She Would Dishevel Her Hair," Richard Lovelace, IX, *I,* 216; "To Althea, from Prison," Richard Lovelace, X, *II,* 219; "To Lucasta, going to the Wars," Richard Lovelace, IX, *I,* 204; "To Anthea, Who May Command Him Anything," Robert Herrick, IX, *I,* 232; "The Night Piece, to Julia," Robert Herrick, IX, *I,* 240; "To Electra," Robert Herrick, IX, *I,* 232.

2 and 3. "Mrs. Cromwell's Youngest Daughter," Booth Tarkington, VI, *I,* 110. If you like this story, you have waiting for many books of Mr. Tarkington's, among them *Penrod, Penrod and Sam, Seventeen,* and *Alice Adams.*

4. A group of valentines, not without reservations: "To His Inconstant Mistress," Thomas Carew, X, *II,* 12; "I Prithee Send Me Back My Heart," Sir John Suckling, IX, *I,* 244; "The Lover's Resolution," George Wither, X, *II,* 7; "To a Flirt," Horace, X, *II,* 10; "Pity

Me Not," Edna St. Vincent Millay, X, *II,* 11; "Against Marriage," William Walsh, X, *II,* 48.

5. "The Afternoon of a Faun," Edna Ferber, VI, *I,* 40. Miss Ferber is the author of many excellent short stories and several novels, among them, *So Big* and *Show Boat.*

6. A group of valentines in pleasanter fashion: "If Thou Must Love Me," Elizabeth Barrett Browning, X, *II,* 23; "There is a Lady Sweet and Kind, Unknown, X, *I,* 210; "She Walks in Beauty," Lord Byron, IX, *I,* 228; "Love is Enough," William Morris, X, *II,* 28; "When You are Old," William Butler Yeats, X, *II,* 33.

THIRD WEEK

1. Samuel Taylor Coleridge is worth a small slice of anybody's life. He was "a mighty poet," a great talker, sometimes called the Socrates of his time. He was a man of magnificent short flights. Two of his three greatest poems he never finished, "Kubla Khan," IX, *I,* 73, which he began as he emerged from an opium dream and stopped when "a person from Porlock" interrupted him to talk business, and "Christabel."

2. Before he went into the opium sleep which preceded "Kubla Khan" he had been reading an

account of the actual palace of Kubla Khan. It was not Marco Polo's description, but Marco wrote one, and it is his that we give here, II, 142.

3. One long poem, one of the three mentioned above, Coleridge did actually finish: "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," IX, *I,* 138. It was the opening poem in the epoch-making *Lyrical Ballads* which brought men back to the use of homely instead of high-flown words in poetry.

4. And there are a good many short poems of Coleridge's, two of which are reprinted here. They will take only a minute or so to read, but you can go back and reread part of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." "Names," IX, *I,* 235; "The Exchange," X, *II,* 50.

5 and 6. His *Biographia Literaria* is the finest book of criticism yet written in English. His literary criticism is not as deliberate and well-ordered as that of Matthew Arnold, for instance, but several times he casually came nearer the profoundly veiled truths of such matters than any English critic ever has come. His reading was immense. He had much association with men of genius, he was one himself, and so, when he discusses "Irritability in Men of Genius," we can be sure that he knows what he is talking about. VIII, 86. This is from the *Biographia Literaria.*

FOURTH WEEK

1. Among the men of genius who were his friends Wordsworth might be mentioned first, since it was Wordsworth with whom he wrote the *Lyrical Ballads,* the book that really opened the Romantic movement in English literature. Life had become so artificial and sophisticated that many of the authors were either fat and puffy men of fashion or lean and hungry hacks, nearly all of them writing in a language strangely remote from that of everyday life. What Wordsworth and Coleridge wanted was a return to nature, to simplicity, not only in living but in writing. The two men were for a time at one in theory, but they were vastly different in temperament and workmanship. Read "The World," IX, *I,* 18, "The Solitary Reaper," X, *II,* 156, and compare them with the Coleridge poems.

2. A very dear friend of both Wordsworth and Coleridge was Charles Lamb. "You good-for-nothing old Lake-poet," he once addressed Wordsworth, and one had to know the solemn Wordsworth very well indeed to take such a liberty. (Coleridge and Wordsworth lived for a time in the Lake district in northwestern England and thus won the name of Lake poets.) It was to Coleridge that Lamb wrote when the great affliction of his life came. V, 7, 8.

3. Continue with Lamb's letters in which he tells about Mary—Lamb's "great love-story—yours and Mary's—perhaps the bravest in the world." V, 16, 21.

4. Everyone who knew Lamb knew Mary, and it is pleasant to know that Mary was a lovable person with something of her brother's whimsical charm. V, 23, 28, 33.

5. "The Old Familiar Faces," Charles Lamb, X, *II,* 153. This is not mere poetry for rhyme's sake. Lamb was writing about actual experiences in his own life. There used to be another verse, referring to his mother's death, but he struck it off when time came to print it, as perhaps too horrible to mention.

6. Wordsworth also had an "exquisite sister," as Coleridge called her, Dorothy, who was companion and friend as well as sister. Those who read Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal* and read about her life find that she is one of those few people one does not forget.

On naming Wordsworth's son, V, 3.

MARCH

FIRST WEEK

1. Now that Spring is here, it is a good time to read Swinburne's "When the Hounds of Spring are on Winter's Traces," IX, *I,* 5.

2. Or perhaps spring isn't here. Then try Thoreau's description of "The Pond in Winter," I, 244. This was written during the time that he withdrew from the world to try simple living in a shanty on the edge of Walden Pond, near Concord, Massachusetts. There is a whole book called "Walden, or Life in the Woods."

3. Helen Keller says that the third of March, 1887, was the most wonderful day in her life, for that was the day on which her teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan, came to free her from darkness and silence. The whole story is in *The Story of My Life,* but a glimpse may be found in XII, 110.

4. One of Miss Keller's closest friends was Mark Twain. A letter of hers to him which he

reprinted in his autobiography is reprinted here, *V*, 65. He was fond of comparing her with Joan of Arc, and his comment upon this letter which he read before the New York Association for the Blind runs in part, "I said that no fellow to it had ever issued from any girl's lips since Joan of Arc, that immortal child of seventeen, stood alone and friendless in her chains, five centuries ago, and confronted her judges . . . answering them out of her great heart and her untaught but marvellous mind."

5. Next to *Huckleberry Finn,* the book that shows Mark Twain at his best is *Life on the Mississippi,* which is one of Miss Keller's favourite books, XII, 1. Like *Huckleberry Finn* and Tom Sawyer, it is a record of the young and happy years of Mark Twain's life.

6. Read now what Conrad says about the Thames, "The Faithful River," II, 123. This is from *The Mirror of the Sea.*

SECOND WEEK

1 and 2. Let us look for a while at Joan of Arc. Mark Twain, as we said a few days ago, used to compare Helen Keller with her. The similarity at first is not so apparent. They both are simple in the sense of naïve, they both are

first-class fighting men, but the deepest likeness is in the fact that, no matter how much they are rationalized about and explained, the halo of something miraculous still hovers over both of them. III, 218.

3. "The Maid," IX, *I,* 192—Joan again—"the maid who rides for France."

4. This brings us to one of the most stirring scenes of modern history, the departure of the Allied troops for Gallipoli as it is told by John Masefield, who was present at the time. It has been called the noblest bit of prose that has been written since the war; certainly it is in commemoration of one of the most heart-breakingly noble and futile episodes in the war, IV, 1.

5. It is interesting to compare this modern sacrifice of youth with one that was made centuries before Christ but has never been forgotten. The circumstances are explained in the note at the beginning of the selection, *IV,* 211.

6. Chorus from "The Bacchæ," X, *II,* 249.

Men in their millions float and flow
And seethe with a million hopes as leaven;
And they win their Will, or they miss their Will,
And the hopes are dead or pined for still;
    But who e'er can know,
    As the long days go,
That to Live is happy, hath found his Heaven.

THIRD WEEK

1. Let us turn from these heroic moments and spend a quiet evening with our friends, our books, and our tobacco in the mood of Keats, when "small, busy flames play through the fresh laid coals," and he sits before them and thinks of his brothers, X, *II,* 135.

2. "My Books," Austin Dobson, X, *II,* 111.

3. "Sublime Tobacco," Lord Byron, X, *II,* 110.

4. "Jolly Good Ale and Old," X, *II,* 109. This magnificent old drinking song appeared "officially," so to speak, in 1566, when it was included in an equally magnificent farce, still extremely funny, *Gammer Gurton's Needle,* which was put on at Cambridge University in that year. The author of the play may have been John Still (we selected him from those put forward chiefly because of his name), but whoever the author was he had probably already heard this song somewhere and put it in his play.

5 and 6. Which reminds us that it might be fun to go to the Boar's Head Tavern and spend a couple of evenings with Sir John Falstaff and his ribald companions. XI, 37.

FOURTH WEEK

1. Very likely Shakespeare could not have written so uproariously about taverns if he had not had a good deal of tavern experience himself. That is not really a very sensible statement, for if Shakespeare had had to experience everything that he wrote about he would not have had any time felt for writing. Still, we do know that he used to go to The Mermaid whose patrons were of such a sort that Keats could ask them long after they were dead and gone if they had found in the Elysian Fields any spot "choicer than the Mermaid Tavern." X, *II,* 112.

2. Perhaps some of his songs were sung there—"Take O Take Those Lips away," X, *II,* 4; "Sweet and Twenty," IX, *I,* 218; "Sylvia," IX, *I,* 222; "Under the Greenwood Tree," X, *II,* 127.

3. Ben Jonson was one of the frequent guests at the Mermaid. He was justly honoured by his friends as a scholar, and he is perhaps more directly than Shakespeare an ancestor of some of the plays we see now. His life was stormy and heroic. For a time he was a bricklayer and then a soldier in the Netherlands, and he is reputed to have killed a man in a duel. Though one of the most learned men of letters of his time, he was

not educated at a university. "To Celia," IX, *I*, 233; Hymn to Diana, IX, *I*, 39.

4. So was Christopher Marlowe, who did not confine his attention to any single tavern. Of all the great Elizabethans, he was the one that began with most promise. His imaginings were so magnificent and he handled blank verse so masterfully that it became known as "Marlowe's mighty line," and Shakespeare is said to have envied the ease and grace of his writing. He is the author of those famous two lines on Helen of Troy:

"Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?"

and many other memorable lines. He was killed finally in a tavern brawl.

"The Passionate Shepherd to His Love," IX, *I*, 75, writing her to live with him in the woods.

5. Ever ready to step in and lend a hand to a lady, Sir Walter Raleigh, reading the above poem, wrote "Her Reply," IX, *I*, 66. Evidently he did not approve, for the young lady said no.

6. Just as Raleigh made himself more famous through spreading his coat over a mud puddle for Queen Elizabeth (if he did spread it), so Sir Philip Sidney made himself more famous by offer-

ing a dying soldier a drink on the battlefield than through anything else he ever did. But even so, no collection of Elizabethan poetry is complete without several of his little songs: "Voices at a Window," X, *II,* 22, "Sleep," IX, *I,* 243, "His Lady's Cruelty," X, *II,* 2.

APRIL

FIRST WEEK

1. Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there . . . (*X, II,* 136).

2. Or, as a matter of fact, to be almost anywhere. Out of doors, for example, on the little hill of which Richard Jefferies writes in "The Story of My Heart," *XII,* 198. This Richard Jefferies is one of those men you run across every now and then in the history of literature whose following is small but so devoted that they are ready to fight, bleed, and die for their idol, even though he has been dead a good many years and has no need for anyone to fight, bleed, and die for him.

3. It is spring. Poets have been writing about it for centuries, and you would think that so much had been written that we could not find our way about in it. But the truth is that, while spring inspires men to write poetry, it does not always inspire them to write good poetry. One

of the oldest spring songs is by Anacreon, IX, *I,* 8, the Greek author of so many songs of love and wine that such effusions have come to be known as "Anacreontic," even when other poets write them. He is one of the few poets who has met a fitting death. According to Pliny he died at the age of eighty-five, choked by a grape.

Of English poets, next to Shakespeare (when we speak of English poets we nearly always have to say "next to Shakespeare"), Robert Herrick has written most delightfully of spring and allied subjects. "To Meadows," IX, *I,* 11; "To Blossoms," *IX,* 1, 12; "To Daffodils," IX, *I,* 13.

4. One of the most charming songs in the language, at least, to us, is "The Nymphs' Song to Hylas," IX, *I,* 67. Hylas was the youth, you may remember, who set out with the Argonauts in search of the Golden Fleece. At Mysia he was sent ashore to get some water, and the nymphs who lived in the spring into which he dipped his pitcher fell in love with him. This is the song they sang, inviting him to stay with them. He did.

5 and 6. "Rappaccini's Garden," Nathaniel Hawthorne, VI, *I,* 189. Not quite fair to put it here in the midst of spring loveliness. It is a sinister story, reeking with horror. It is interest-

ing to remember that this story was written by an extreme recluse of Puritan stock. Hawthorne lived for a time in Concord. Walden Pond and "Rappaccini's Garden!"

SECOND WEEK

1. "The Angler's Wish," Izaak Walton, IX, *I*, 10.

2 and 3. "Anglers," Izaak Walton, VIII, 190. This is from the greatest book in the world on fishing.

4. Hoatzins, I, 113. We did not make this word up out of our heads. We had nothing to do with it. Hoatzins are birds living in South America. They are so different from other birds that a special classification had to be made for them. A description of them makes them seem exactly like creatures out of mythology—dragons, chimæras, etc.—but Mr. Beebe has seen them and other travellers vouch for them.

5. "Walking Tours," by one of the princes of such tours, Robert Louis Stevenson. II, 236. If you enjoy travelling with Stevenson, get his book *An Inland Voyage* or *Travels with a Donkey*.

6. Ode to Solitude, X, *II,* 221, a poem by Alexander Pope, which in comparison with Stevenson's essay, shows, among other things, how differently, in different ages, people can feel and express their feelings about much the same things.

THIRD WEEK

1. The average person praises solitude a great deal but has comparatively little practical use for it. Yet an essay might be written here (don't be alarmed, we shall not do it) on its possibilities. We shall content ourselves with pointing out a few of the startling achievements of solitude. The first of the Microbe Hunters, an old Dutch dry-goods dealer, grinding lenses in solitude, grinding and grinding and grinding until at last he ground one out that showed him—— Oh, well, this is one of the transcendent moments in the world's history, beside which the fall of the city is as almost naught. It is beyond us to describe it. You can read about in I, 100.

2. Most men who work to discover something new or to rediscover something that is apparently lost forever have to work alone. Such a one was Palissy, who found how to make enamel again, I, 43.

3. If there is one study that helps a man fix himself into his proper niche more than any other, it is astronomy. Most men watching the heavens have speculated more upon Mars than upon any other planet. It is the one nearest us, and if you feel inclined to pity the poor inhabitants of it, it might interest you to know that M. Flammarion is inclined to think that they are pitying us, and have more reason on their side than we on ours. "The Planet Mars," I, 61.

4. But we were speaking of solitude. Try Mungo Park "Discovering the Niger," II, 91. Herodotus, prowling around Africa some centuries B. C. made a guess based on tales the natives told about the source of the Niger. Mungo Park, eighteen centuries A. D. proved that the guess was right.

5 and 6. Or Wallace on "A Journey in the Interior of Borneo," II, 149. Wallace went to the Archipelago to examine the birds of paradise and stayed long enough to examine the whole fauna. Much of the time he was in cannibal country, but from reading his book you would never guess that he had been in the slightest danger. This account is taken from *The Malay Archipelago.*

FOURTH WEEK

1. Some of the most captivating lives have been spent quietly in secluded corners. Such a one was William Cowper's. The record of it is in his letters, which have a way of making the commonplace more engaging than the unusual.

To the Rev. William Bull, on tobacco, V, 86; to the Rev. William Unwin, on the Rev. William Bull, V, 87; to the Rev. John Newton, on writing letters, V, 88; to the Rev. John Newton, on Mr. Bull's garden, V, 92; to the Rev. William Unwin, on face-painting, V, 93; to Lady Hesketh, on the gift of a desk, V, 97; to Lady Hesketh, on herself and himself, V, 100.

3. Some of these quiet people have a way of gathering to themselves furious champions. Jane Austen, for example. Mark Twain said he could start a very good library by leaving her out, yet Lord Macaulay compared her with Shakespeare, and *Pride and Prejudice* (written, let the "younger generation" make a note of this, when she was twenty-two years old) has been called the best novel ever written by a woman. In V, 49, you will find an intimate letter to her sister on *Pride and Prejudice,* and on page 50, a letter to the librarian of the Prince Regent on the Prince's appreciation of her books.

4. Kipling has written a delightful short story about Jane Austen and those who adore her think the ones that do not have no taste at all. Among those who could not see anything good in her writing was Charlotte Brontë, author of *Jane Eyre,* one of the two distinguished sisters (the other was Emily, author of *Wuthering Heights*) in one of the most singular families in English literature. Their story is told in *The Life of Charlotte Brontë,* by Elizabeth Gaskell, from which these episodes in Charlotte's childhood are taken. III, 202.

5. The English feminine genius seems to flower best in the remoter sections of the country. Another instance besides the two mentioned above is "George Eliot," who once was Mary Ann Evans. Dickens was the first to recognize that a woman was hiding behind the name, George Eliot. Our Sidney Laniér thought she was the greatest of all English novelists and that *Adam Bede* was her masterpiece. In V, 52, you will find a letter on *Adam Bede.*

6. George Gissing. "A Pot of Honey, VIII, 13; "Music," VIII, 15; "Money," VIII, 18.

MAY

FIRST WEEK

1. Corinna's Going a-Maying," Robert Herrick, IX, *I*, 213.

2. And so, we might add, are we, by taking "A Glimpse into Arcadia" with W. S. Gilbert, XI, 7, and watching the fairies

> Tripping hither, tripping thither,
> Nobody knows why or whither.

3. Or watching Phyllida and Corydon—

> In the merry month of May,
> In a morn by break of day, (IX, *I*, 63).

4. Or listening to the Cuckoo—

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring! (IX, *I*, 14).

5. Or seeking places of retirement with David Grayson, II, 216.

6. Or following "A By-path in Spain," with George Borrow, II, 25.

SECOND WEEK

1. From two great original sources we have derived our culture and our religion, the first from the Greeks, the second from the Hebrews. Already in this reading guide 12, 13, you have had one or two glimpses into Greek literature (Chorus from the *Bacchæ* and *Chorus of Women*). Greek literature has come upon many a person like—— But let John Keats tell how, X, *II,* 113.

2. There is another poem of Keats' which might be read in this same connection. "Ode on a Grecian Urn," X, *II,* 228, inspired by a pastoral scene on the outside of the urn. At the beginning he addresses the maker of the urn as a sylvan historian—

> Who canst thus express
> A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme,

but Keats was never one to think any too highly of his own powers. The urn may have been as beautiful as the poem, but we think it safe to say not more beautiful.

3. Other poets have been inspired by Greek models: "I Thought Once How Theocritus Had Sung," IX, *I*, 206. Theocritus was a Greek poet of the Third Century B. C., who wrote charming poems concerning shepherds and shepherdesses and their loves.

4. It was a statue of Helen which gave Poe the idea for one of his best known poems, IX, *I*, 223.

5. And everyone knows Byron's "The Isles of Greece"—

The Isles of Greece where burning Sappho loved
and sung;

6. Shelley's "Hymn of Pan," IX, *I*, 64. Pan, with little horns like a goat, was god of shepherds, flocks, and forests. He loved music and invented the shepherds pipe, making it from a reed into which a nymph was transformed when fleeing from him in "the vale of Mænalus." He appeared to people unexpectedly and by his appearance gave them sudden fear—hence the word panic. Pelion is a mountain in Thessaly, the home of the centaurs. The vale of Tempe, in Thessaly, through which the river Peneus flows, was as-

sociated by the Greeks with rural pleasures. It was sacred to Apollo.

THIRD WEEK

1. The drama as we know it to-day first took shape under the Greeks, and while our modern theatre is very unlike theirs, there is not much in it that is not in one way or the other taken from them, even the choruses in the musical comedies which seem at first thought almost the most modern of our modern stage inventions. This statement is open to argument. The distance between us and the Greeks is so far both in time and space that only a scholar can trace the actual connection, which is, nevertheless, a very real one. It is extremely difficult to choose a single scene out of any drama and give it to a person to read. Drama should be acted, and, fortunately, Greek dramas are still acted here and there and attract large audiences. We gain nothing by bewailing the fact that we cannot walk out together now and see one. Let us turn to what we have here and see what we get out of it. The scene is the one in the *Electra* of Sophocles in which a brother and sister meet after having been separated many years under tragic circumstances, XI, 159. The antecedent action is explained.

2. The great Greek hero of early times was Ulysses, or Odysseus, the tale of whose wanderings is told in Homer's *Odyssey*. "The Lotos-Eaters," IX, *I,* 49, is an incident in those wanderings told by a modern poet.

3. In another poem, X, *II,* 209, Tennyson has chosen to picture Ulysses as an old man, home at last with his wife, Penelope, and their son, Telemachus, but longing to go out again. "I cannot rest from travel." Strangely enough, Tennyson did not get this idea of Ulysses in later years, which we associate with the hero as naturally as the incidents in the *Odyssey,* from the *Odyssey*. There are hints there, but the idea was first developed by Dante, in the *Inferno,* which shows again how influences weave and interweave even when they are very widely separated.

4. Many countries have in their early literature a hero somewhat like Ulysses, a wanderer, not too scrupulous, but very clever. Ulenspiegel, VII, *II,* 1, belongs to the Belgians, and the tale of his odyssey (the Greek word has come to apply to all such wanderers) is told by Charles de Coster.

5 and 6. "The Spartans," IV, 228. It is hard to look in any direction without finding something that we have taken from the Greeks. Here

is another word that comes from them. In this selection Plutarch describes the mode of life among the Spartans. As an experiment in government and in living, it is hard to surpass it in interest. See also "Thermopylæ," IV, *II,* 11.

FOURTH WEEK

1. It has sometimes been said that the main service that Rome furnished the world was to give it Greek thought and literature. It is not true, but there is an element of truth in it, for though Roman soldiers took Greece captive, Greek culture took Rome captive. You have already become acquainted with one Roman, old Cato. Look now at some others. Pliny the Younger, for instance, writing about his uncle Pliny the Elder, V, 197, a naturalist who met his death trying to study the eruption of Vesuvius at the time Pompeii was destroyed.

2. Pliny, on the Roman treatment of the Christians, V, 203. This letter is one of the very few contemporary documents that has been preserved.

3. Horace, "Winter Without Bids us Make Merry Within," IX, *I,* 41." The personality of Horace has remained more vivid to us than that of any other Roman poet. He is one of the long line of writers who have been thoroughly ac-

quainted with city life and aristocratic civilization yet thoroughly sensitive to the values of quiet country life. Translating the poems of Horace has long been one of the pleasanter literary hobbies.

4 and 5. "The Procurator of Judea," by Anatole France, VII, *II,* 34, John Cournos lists as one of the fifteen finest short stories ever published. It is a bitterly ironic treatment of the relation between Pilate, the Roman judge, and Jesus.

6. Plutarch, to his wife on the death of their daughter, V, 190.

JUNE

FIRST WEEK

1. "Lines on Sea Adventure," John Masefield, X, *II,* 16.

2. Drake's voyage around the World, IV, 122, a brilliant feat of the sixteenth Century, comparable in our own time only with the exploits of the arctic, antarctic, and transatlantic fliers.

3 and 4. During the great period of English conquest—

> When Drake went down to the Horn
> And England was crowned thereby—

a woman ruled the State. What her share was in all the greatness that surrounded her is a complicated question, but at least she seems to have been to her subjects in some measure the symbol of her time, as she fully is to us. IV, 159.

5. Few monarchs ever wrote letters so direct and to the point. Her state documents, too, have something of the same quality of the letter to the

Bishop of Ely, V, 189. While you are about it you might as well read the other letter, the one on an early love affair, V, 188.

6. That Shakespeare was one of her subjects is well known. Lovers of poetry also remember that Edmund Spenser, with whom modern English poetry is said to have begun, was likewise a subject of hers. His most famous poem, "The Faërie Queene," is a "slow allegorical pageant to dream music," with Queen Elizabeth as the original of Gloriana, the central figure. "Epithalamion," X, *II,* 51, which is included in this set, is a nuptial song in honour of his own wedding.

SECOND WEEK

1. But let us get back to the sea. No new world of adventure has ever robbed this kingdom of its ancient charm. Modern authors as well as older ones bear witness to its fascination. Take the Frenchman, Pierre Loti, for example. He entered the French Navy as a boy and saw years of service in the Orient, where he had many astonishing experiences, some of which are recorded in his semi-autobiographical books, *Madame Chrysanthème, The Marriage of Loti,* and *Aziyade.* "Notes of My Youth" is a selection

from the diary which he kept while he was at sea, II, 44. This part of it came immediately before the manuscript of *The Marriage of Loti.*

2 and 3. Paradoxically enough, the most famous modern English writer of sea stories is a Pole, Joseph Conrad, whose stories not of the sea are as fine as those which have won him his sea reputation. *The Lagoon,* VI, *I,* 1, is laid in the Malay Archipelago, where he spent some years of service as the captain of a clipper ship. If you like this story, get *Youth,* or *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"* or *Lord Jim.*

4. The most remarkable American book about the sea (if Cooper's sea novels are excepted) is *Two Years Before the Mast,* by Richard Henry Dana. In his junior year at Harvard, Dana had to leave college on account of his eyes. He shipped before the mast for California in 1834. We have here his thrilling description of doubling the Cape in a storm, II, 72.

5. A recently acquired American is William McFee, a Scottish descendant of sea captains who was born at sea and has spent a great part of his life there. He is the author of *Aliens, Command, Race, Harbours of Memory,* and other books. More even than most men in his position he is bothered with letters from young men who crave

romance and adventure in travel. This is his reply to one of them, II, 58.

6. Any discussion of the sea leads finally to Lord Byron's famous apostrophe,

Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll.

THIRD WEEK

1. "I never supposed," Robert Louis Stevenson said once, "that a book was to command me until, one disastrous day of storm, the heavens full of turbulent vapours, the streets full of the squalling of the gale, the windows rattling under bucketfuls of rain, my mother read aloud to me *Macbeth.*" But you do not need such a setting to find yourself overwhelmed by *Macbeth,* XI, 29.

2. If you like to be overwhelmed, try "La Grande Bretêche," VII, *II,* 86. It is built around an unfailingly powerful motif that has been used by nearly all the great masters of short stories.

3. Or try "The Masque of the Red Death," VI, *I,* 238. Conan Doyle says that "If every man who receives a check for a story that owes its springs to Poe were to pay a tithe to a monument for the master, he would have a pyramid as big as that of Cheops." So sustained is Poe's high standard that the mere fact that he has written a story is a guarantee that it is a good one.

4. If you want an actual account of a plague ("The Masque of the Red Death" is an imaginative one), read Defoe's, IV, 100. He was a child of six at the time of the Plague of London, and probably remembered very little first-hand, but of course he had personal contact with many who were in the city throughout the whole course of its devastation.

5 and 6. One of the world's great stories (we almost said horror stories, but there is something in it that lifts it above that) is "The Forty-seven Ronins," VII, *II,* 11. It is founded on an actual incident in the history of Japan and it is shot through with such nobility that any country (even Greece, who is so rich in noble stories) might be proud of it. You may have a little trouble at first in keeping the unfamiliar names straight, but don't let that bother you. A "ronin" under the Japanese feudal system was a two-sworded military man who for some reason had lost his lord, either because the lord had cast him off or because he had died. The reason why these men were without a master is apparent in the story.

FOURTH WEEK

1. Now let's have some fun. Comment would be absurd on any of the selections listed below,

and so we shall (for once) refrain from making any. "The Ransom of Red Chief," O. Henry, VI, *I,* 171.

2. "The Walrus and the Carpenter," Lewis Carroll, X, *II,* 97.

3. "Mrs Malaprop," Richard Brinsley Sheridan, XI, 1.

4. "Jabberwocky," Lewis Carroll, X, *II,* 94.

5. "The Young Foreigner," Wilhelm Hauff, VII, *II,* 145.

6. "Dutch Lullaby," Eugene Field, X, *II,* 77.

JULY

FIRST WEEK

1. There must be something in the temperature of July that leads to great social upheavals. The two greatest days in the history of modern revolutions come in July; one on the 4th, and the other on the 14th. Both set us rejoicing over the happy state of independence towards which the world seems to be moving, but it seems wise in the midst of our rejoicing to chasten ourselves, as the Egyptians did on festive occasions by passing around a skull, by looking square in the face of one of the ugliest episodes in our history. "The Slave Ship," IV, 27.

2. It would be impossible to look with any degree of calmness upon this if there were not relief somewhere. Booker T. Washington, XII, 168.

3. On such occasions we celebrate generals, but there are others. The movement of people from the Atlantic coast to the Middle and Far West during the years between the Revolution

and the Civil War is one of the major migrations in history and quite as worthy of preservation in the form of literature as the charge of the troops at Bunker Hill or Bull Run. Morris Birkbeck is merely a good representative of the emigrants, but what he took part in was as important as the storming of the Bastille. And there is a constant charm in any good account, such as this, of life on a frontier, IV, 35.

4. The last phase of this migration took place along the California and Oregon trails. Francis Parkman was not, like Birkbeck, an emigrant, but soon after college he went West and saw at least a part of it first hand, IV, 6.

5. "The Strong Men Keep Coming On," Carl Sandburg, X, *II,* 218.

6. Now read Emerson on Politics, VIII, 225.

SECOND WEEK

1. When the Bastille fell, the French people and a great part of the rest of the world thought that the fight for liberty was at an end. Henceforth everyone would be free. The Bastille was a hideous prison in which hundreds had been detained unjustly. Everyone knows the story of Dr. Manette in *A Tale of Two Cities,* by Dickens,

and those who have followed this guide will remember Palissy, I, 43. Such gigantic upheavals as the fall of the Bastille are hard to recapture. Many have tried their hands at this one, none of them more successfully than Thomas Carlyle, of whom Walt Whitman said, speaking of his "rugged, mountainous, and volcanic" style, "He was himself more of a French revolution than any of his volumes," IV, 42.

2. But there is always a loss, another side. In this case it was seen by Edmund Burke—the same Burke who pleaded so strongly with England for conciliation with the American Colonies. "The Cost of the French Revolution," IV, 56.

3. Brillat-Savarin, whose name is to-day perpetuated in a series of restaurants, was an exile from France during the persecutions that followed the Revolution. During his sojourn in America he visited a family in Connecticut and there made the acquaintance of one of his favourite fowls in its native place. His description of his hunt for the wild turkey was afterward incorporated in *The Physiology of Taste,* a volume of Epicureanism which reads, someone has said, as if it were written with a knife and fork, and which, after a century, is still available in several beautiful editions.

4. The Bastille became in its day an object for sightseers, just as Verdun did in our own time. Helen Maria Williams, on a Visit to the Bastille, V, 58.

5. For the cause of the French Revolution we must go back to the strange, uncouth figure of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the leader of the movement to return to nature which bore fruit in England in a splendid burst of poetry. His hero was the "noble savage," or the "natural man." Some of his ideas seem absurd to-day, but he paved the way for the great educators who came afterward, Froebel, Pestalozzi, Montessori. His discussion of the education of the sense of touch is sound and stimulating, VIII, 31.

6. Closer to our own time, a man who threw the world into a state of chaos somewhat like that which followed Rousseau, is Charles Darwin. Yet Darwin was the gentlest of men and the last person in the world to go out deliberately and start a controversy. Perhaps Rousseau would not have been surprised at the cataclysm that followed him; but Darwin was utterly bewildered at the turmoil which his books caused. His modest, delightful personality is apparent in all that he wrote, even in his scientific volumes, and especially in his autobiography, XII, 21.

THIRD WEEK

1 and 2. Next to the philosophers, the poets are of all people most interested in flaming thoughts of freedom. The French Revolution, as we have already indicated, more than once bore fruit in English poetry. A shining example is Shelley. He was in the full sense of the word a freethinker—free from fear of opinion and convention and free from intellectual hindrance by a fuller knowledge than most of us have of the facts and conditions of existence. In "Lines Written Among the Euganean Hills," X, *II,* 187, he tells about the ugly part of life, but still finds that he can say—

> Many a green isle needs must be,
> In the deep, wide sea of misery.

3. Most poets stay in sequestered vales and write about revolutions, but Lord Byron was one who fought as well as wrote. His magnificent address to the Isles of Greece was not merely a rhetorical flourish. He went to Greece to help in her battle for independence and died at Missolonghi in 1824. His "Venice," X, *I,* 195, is only less beautiful than the poem of Greece.

4. Wordsworth, too, was impressed by Venice, "the eldest child of liberty, X, *I,* 197.

5. One of the most gentlemanly interviews in our own history took place at the time of Lee's surrender to Grant. Grant reports it XII, 8. In view of the staggering prices that authors are receiving in our own time, it is interesting to note that the royalty check which Mark Twain, as publisher of Grant's "Memoirs," sent to Mrs. Grant, ($200,000) is still the largest single royalty check on record.

6. A thrilling episode is recounted by Browning in "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix" IX, *I*, 167. The first stanza gives almost as completely as words can the sound as well as the sense of what is happening.

FOURTH WEEK

1 and 2. Many fascinations cluster around Italy, especially the great Italy of the Renaissance, which has left many monuments behind in sculpture and painting. On the side of literature we have an incomparable autobiography by a man who was at the same time a great scoundrel and a great artist, Benvenuto Cellini. His masterpiece was his statue of Perseus, the making of which is described here, I, 70. It is still standing in the Loggia dei Lanzi at Florence, "to prove," as John Macy says, "that he had a right to be conceited."

3. Benvenuto was almost as conceited as a man could very well be, and with good reason, but there was one before whom he stood with uncovered head, and that was Michael Angelo. Michael Angelo was one of the most gifted men that ever lived, and perhaps the greatest of all sculptors. His sculpture is familiar to everybody, but his poetry is not so well known. "If It Be True, X, *II,* 25." "The Night of One Fair Face," X, *II,* 26.

4. The only man with a mind more comprehensive than that of Michael Angelo was Leonardo da Vinci, who was painter, sculptor, architect, botanist, engineer, mechanic, musician, astronomer, mathematician, author, and almost everything else. He wrote poetry, too, but it is for his pictures that he will be remembered. Of the students of the Renaissance Walter Pater stands out as one of the most appreciative. It is his study of Leonardo that we give here, VIII, 146. It contains that famous "purple patch" in which he describes the Mona Lisa.

5. Petrarch was one of the most influential scholars of the Renaissance. He was born in exile, his father having been banished from Florence by the same decree that evicted Dante. It was an age of ideal love, and it has been said that Laura, who was the object of Petrarch's

devotion and the inspiration of many of his poems, was a figment of his imagination rather than a real person. Two of the sonnets to Laura are in IX, *I*, 230. An interesting remark, by the way, is that italic printing was derived from Petrarch's handwriting.

6. The Serpent Myth, John Ruskin, VIII, 165.

AUGUST

FIRST WEEK

1. The Month of Ripeness.

Then, of all the seasons,
Old Earth for inward rhyme
Is full of golden reasons. (IX, *I*, 20).

2 and 3. It is seldom possible to state dogmatically that such and such a book is the best of its kind in any language, but of Boswell's Johnson, III, 130, this can definitely be said. There is no biography like it. Boswell followed Dr. Johnson around for a number of years jotting down everything he said. He knew him perfectly and admired him greatly, and the result of his labours is a picture of old Dr. Johnson which makes it possible for us to know him better than we know many of our own friends. You might begin your acquaintance as Boswell did. Their first meeting is described on page 130. While you are about it, you might get acquainted with some of the friends in their group: Sir Joshua Reynolds, 136, Bennet Langton and Tophan Beauclerk, 137, Oliver Goldsmith, 141. The last dinner the Club had together is described on page 148.

4. The great work of Dr. Johnson's life was a dictionary of the English language, which has a number of amusing definitions in it. Not that he intended them to be amusing. "Oats," for example, he described as "a grain," which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people," which brought out the comment from a loyal Scot: "That's the reason we have such fine men in Scotland and such fine horses in England." It is hardly necessary to add that Johnson hated or pretended to hate the Scots. Some of his definitions are amusingly brief. "Female" he defines as "A she"; "male" as "the he of any species." He needed a patron for this work —men of letters at that time had patrons—and addressed himself to Lord Chesterfield, V, 103.

5. He waited seven years for a reply and then wrote to Chesterfield again, V, 118.

6. To give an even better idea of the sort of man Chesterfield was, read now some of his letters to his son, V, 121. He was very much interested in making a gentleman of the boy and sometimes found it pretty hard going.

SECOND WEEK

1. One of the most delightful and irresponsible friends that Dr. Johnson had was Oliver

Goldsmith. Like Lamb, he was one of those lovable men as delightful in his private life as in his work. His letters, like Lamb's again, reveal this. Take, for instance, the one he wrote to the publisher who had lent him a suit of clothes which he had in turn given to his distressed landlady to pawn for herself. The publisher had caught him, V, 146.

2. Or the one to his brother Maurice, giving him the legacy which an uncle had left to Oliver himself, V, 148.

3. Or to Bennet Langton (the same Langton mentioned above) on *She Stoops to Conquer,* V, 148.

4. Add to this the scene from *She Stoops to Conquer,* XI, 174.

5. Goldsmith, on occasion, wrote poetry, X, *II,* 136.

6. So did Dr. Johnson, X, *II,* 234.

THIRD WEEK

1 and 2. Among the contemporaries of Dr. Johnson and his group was one of the great his-

torians, Edward Gibbon, not an attractive man personally, but, says Conan Doyle, "Were I condemned to spend a year upon a desert island and allowed only one book for my companion, it is certainly that [*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*] which I should choose." Twenty years went into the writing of it. Gibbon, as he seemed to himself is in his *Autobiography,* XII, 209.

3. Gibbon had all the qualities that go into the making of a historian: intense curiosity, infinite patience, leisure to devote himself to his work, and tireless industry. So vast and comprehensive was his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,* IV, 175 that everyone, not only of his acquaintance, but of all those since, has stood amazed at it. "What!" said a royal duke on one occasion to the funny, fat, wise little historian, "another damned great volume, always writing, writing, Mr. Gibbon!"

4. Horace Walpole had a short and interesting connection with Gibbon which gives us still another light on the character of the historian, V, 133, 135, 136.

5. Since we have mentioned Walpole, we might as well read the rest of his letters, those, for example, in which he speaks of ballooning, V, 138, 139, 140, 142, 144. It would be possible to

substitute the word "airplane" and have almost an exact description of the present condition in that field of adventure.

6. Walpole now and then turned his attention to poetry. "To Madame De Damas Learning English," IX, *I,* 210. In passing, it might be said that Walpole was the youngest son of the famous Sir Robert Walpole, later first Earl of Oxford, to whom Henry Fielding addressed some verses X, *II,* 133. As a young man, Fielding lived for a number of years in London, writing plays and living from hand to mouth. He wrote humorous attacks on the corrupt government of which Walpole was Prime Minister. These attacks finally brought on a Licensing Act that made it impossible for Fielding to get his plays produced. So he became a novelist of the first rank.

FOURTH WEEK

1. A very different member of the famous Eighteenth Century group was Thomas Gray, author of the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," X, *II,* 168.

2. Gray did not always choose graveyard sub-

jects. For example, read the "Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat, Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes," X, *II,* 101. A poet in many way analogous to Gray is A. E. Housman—"Reveille" and "On Wenlock Edge the Wood's in Trouble" Housman is also a distinguished scholar of Cambridge whose poetry is small in quantity and of the very highest rank.

3. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is another Eighteenth Century figure who stands out from the common herd. Her life gave her picturesque materials for her letters. Not many Englishwomen had visited harems in Adrianople. She was the first to introduce vaccination into England, V, 153, 161.

4. Alexander Pope was for a while a devoted admirer of hers, but later came to dislike her, partly because she made fun of him. She laughed at the letter he wrote her about the lovers killed by lightning, V, 165.

5. Fanny Burney (Madame d'Arblay) came into contact more than once with Dr. Johnson. She was an engaging, witty woman whose promising literary career was cut short by her being forced to accept a menial position in Court. Letter

to Mrs. Burney on Court Etiquette, V, 54. Dr. Johnson's greatest friend among women was Mrs. Thrale, the wife of a wealthy brewer, V, 126.

6. Anna Seward, on the last days of Dr. Johnson, V, 130.

SEPTEMBER

FIRST WEEK

1. This is the month of vacations. To get yourself into the proper frame of mind, read Hazlitt's "On Going a Journey," II, 1, which Stevenson says is "so good that there should be a tax levied on all who have not read it."

2. If you can't get away, don't fuss about it, but read Morley's "In Italics," II, 230, as pleasant a way of taking a trip without getting out of your chair as you will find.

3. "The things with most capacity to tire us are the things we most delicately love." Ponder over that and then read "Tramping in the Alps," II, 18.

4. "A Vagabond Song," IV, *I,* 9.

5. "Grantchester," X, *II,* 137, the most beautiful homesick poem in English. "His ghostly lordship swims his pool"—the author, an excellent swimmer, refers here to a pool in which Lord

Byron swam. Byron also was a good swimmer, and was proud of this accomplishment, here so wittily referred to, of swimming the Hellespont.

6. Preface to a Sentimental Journey, II, 223.

SECOND WEEK

1. It is not easy to understand any fine creative accomplishment, least of all if it is a musical one. It is a perennial joy to try, however, and to compare what we think with what others have said.

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began."
"A Song for St. Cecilia's Day," X, *II,* 117.)

2. "Alexander's Feast, or, The Power of Music; an Ode in Honour of St. Cecilia's Day," X, *II,* 120, written ten years after the preceding.

3. Mendelssohn on music in his letters: 1. To Concertmeister, Ferdinand David, on his aims as a composer, V, 180; 2. To Prof. Naumann, on the musical education of his son, V, 181; 3. To Herr Marc André Souchay, on the meaning of music, V, 185.

4. "Music When Soft Voices Die," X, *II,* 42.

5. "With a Guitar, to Jane," X, *II,* 114.

6. "To His Lute," X, *II,* 18.

THIRD WEEK

1. If Nietzsche's name is mentioned, the word superman clicks at once into the mind. It is hard to think of him as anything but a sort of thunderer, but in this charming letter we see him as an eager youngster excited half to death over the idea of meeting Wagner, V, 173.

2 and 3. As we indicated when we were reading Greek selections, Wagner tried to do for Germany what the old Greek dramatists did for their country. It is a pity to give him without music, but reading the farewell of Brünnhilde and Wotan will help you to a better understanding of the music when you do hear it. XI, 222.

4. "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," X, *II,* 83. It was for the entertainment of the son of W. M. Macready the actor, that this poem was written. Macready had produced some of Browning's plays, and the two men were good friends, though the course of their friendship was not always smooth.

5 and 6. The sonnets of William Shakespeare, X, *II,* 28. It would take a pen almost equal to that of Shakespeare himself to do justice to the most superb sonnet sequence in the world.

FOURTH WEEK

1. A book was written about Shelley a few years ago and called *Ariel,* because of the poet's likeness to that winsome spirit. "There was nothing he could touch without communicating to it his own special poetical enchantments." "To a Skylark," IX, *I,* 27.

2. "The Cloud," IX, *I,* 32.

3. He was a friend of Byron and closely associated with him in Italy. This letter to Leigh Hunt describes a scheme of theirs, V, 39.

4. Ode to the West Wind, X, *II,* 230.

5. Shelley was continually in trouble in his younger days. He was expelled from Oxford for a pamphlet on atheism. Shortly after, he brought a storm down upon his head by marrying a stupid young girl by the name of Harriet Westbrook, and a still bigger storm a little later by leaving her. A few years after this, he ran away

with the brilliant daughter of William Godwin, to whom he remained devoted the rest of his brief and tragic life. This is a letter from Mary after his death, V, 42.

6. "To Night," IX, *I*, 38.

OCTOBER

FIRST WEEK

1. To Autumn," IX, *I*, 23.

2. "The Sheaves," IX, *I*, 23.

3. Primarily, Audubon was a bird lover whose main interest in life was to preserve in words and pictures the birds of North America. In the course of his wanderings over what was then our very primitive country, he had numerous other experiences quite as exciting as any connected with his actual work. XII, 188.

4. Modern literature has given us many scientists who can write delightfully about themselves and their friends afield, none more so than the Englishman, W. H. Hudson, whose early life was spent in the Argentine. Like most close observers, he sees much that is difficult to explain. One of the most remarkable instances is told in connection with this account of bats, I, 127.

5. Often the experience of J. S. Mill with books is quoted as an illustration of what books can do for you. It is given in XII, 38, in its proper setting in the story of his life.

6. Dickens's childhood, XII, 158, is one that has been wept over in all parts of the world. Out of the horrible experiences which surrounded it came the material for some of the finest scenes in his finest books, notably, "David Copperfield."

SECOND WEEK

1 and 2. An interesting American scientist of the last generation was Carl Akeley, who revolutionized completely the art of taxidermy. Before his time it was not really an art but a trick, like making wax figures. The scene of a great deal of his activity was Africa, whither he went to get material for the Roosevelt Memorial Hall in the Museum of Natural History. This is the story of some of his friendly and hostile contacts with elephants, I, 1.

3 and 4. Africa, like the sea, like the frozen North, like the desert, like all other remote and dangerous places, is surrounded by a glamour that has attracted and will attract countless thousands to her. Of them all, no one stands out in

just the way that David Livingstone does. Gentle and tireless scholar and devoted missionary, he did more to lift the sobriquet, the "Dark Continent," than anyone else. XII, 56.

5. Tiger, Tiger, X, *II,* 241.

6. A recent traveller into Africa, Stewart Edward White, who first came into fame with his novels of the Northwest, "The Blazed Trail," "The Riverman," etc., has brought back many of the secrets of her charms. In the selection given here he describes his way of travelling, II, 110.

THIRD WEEK

1 and 2. "The Desert." This is from one of the really superb books of travel, *Eothen,* by one of the really superb authors of such books, Alexander William Kinglake. "Kinglake," says the author of an introduction to a recent edition of "Eothen," requires a great subject. Give him that, and he is of the best." Such a one he has in this, II, 183.

3 and 4. It was before Gaza (of which Kinglake speaks in his description of the desert) that the tragedy of Samson and Dalila was enacted. Someone has said, we do not remember who and

cannot locate the passage, that he would forgive his children if they did not like this and that, mentioning one or two generally acknowledged masterpieces of literature, but that he would disinherit them if they did not care for *Samson Agonistes*. This play is constructed like the Greek plays, and is one of the few that will bear comparison with them in nobility of aim and grandeur of execution. XI, 194.

5 and 6. Milton is one of those mammoth temples so hard to leave because of the immensity and beauty of his performance. His most imposing work was "Paradise Lost," X, *II*, 203.

FOURTH WEEK

1. But there are those who prefer Milton's sonnets not only above all his own other work, but above all other sonnets by all other authors. Few men have been so set apart and dedicated to letters as Milton. He had means, a sympathetic family, a poetic gift, and unlimited leisure. Judging from what he says in his sonnet on being arrived at the age of twenty-three, X, *II*, 234, he felt at that age much older than he did when he actually came to be an old man. Before his life was fairly begun, he felt that it had passed and that he would never amount to anything.

2. One of Milton's heroes was Cromwell. In his sonnet on the Puritan general, IX, *I,* 195, he makes a very acute observation concerning peace. It is a pity that we do not act upon it as well as believe it.

3. When he lost his sight, having overworked his eyes, as he thought, in liberty's defence, he wrote the sonnet to his blindness, X, *II,* 239, which is another instance of a poet writing of an intensely personal experience in his own life.

4. Another figure of the period, unique and representative, was John Donne, the rebellious and tortured Dean of St. Paul's. "Song," X, *II,* 12. "The Will," X, *II,* 14.

5. Turn now to something in lighter mood and read "Squire Petrick's Lady," by Thomas Hardy, VI, *I,* 24, but do not let it deceive you into thinking that everything of Hardy's is in the same laughing manner. His *Jude, the Obscure,* is one of the saddest and most powerful of all modern novels, and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* is not far behind it.

6. It is probably highly appropriate to the season now to read "Getting Up on Cold Mornings," by Leigh Hunt—the same Leigh Hunt to whom Shelley wrote the letter we spoke of a short time ago, VIII, 121.

NOVEMBER

FIRST WEEK

1. Now that the winter evenings are coming on we turn inward for diversion and find that two of our greatest joys come from reading and talking. It is hard to tell what makes talk good, but Oliver Wendell Holmes had at least the faculty of making it so, VIII, 20.

2. It is a good time to read essays like "Good Temper," by Sir Richard Steele, VIII, 107.

3. Or "The Art of Political Lying," by Jonathan Swift, VIII, 113.

4. Or "Sir Roger on the Hunting Field," VIII, 140. Sir Roger de Coverley is one of the characters in fiction that have taken on as much reality as if they were actual persons, like Robinson Crusoe. (We think we could start a fight by saying that there wasn't really a Robinson Crusoe. It would be like saying there is no Santa Claus.)

5 and 6. While we are on the subject of essays,

it is pleasant to turn to a somewhat different sort. Jean Henri Fabre may not have known much about people, but he knew more about mason bees than anyone else in the world, and knew (which is more important for our present purpose) how to make their small activities as interesting to us as if they were human beings, I, 197.

SECOND WEEK

1. There are certain most unfatherlike men who have attained to the title of "father of such and such," and one of them is Michael, Lord of Montaigne. He was actually a "husband and father," but above all he was a man of the world, wise, witty, urbane, and sophisticated. He had one daughter, and upon her education he lavished considerable care, VIII, 70.

2. Another great essayist besides Montaigne and Bacon is Sir Thomas Browne. He has written on sombre subjects, but he has invested them with melody and beauty, VIII, 129.

3. Armistice Day comes this month. Let us look back at one of the poems written a young man in the white heat of battle. "Dreams," IX, *I*, 203.

4. Or go back even farther, to "The Burial of Sir John Moore," XI, *I,* 202.

5 and 6. Nor would it be amiss to read the story of the sack of the churches in the Netherlands. It is just as well to balance the profit and loss accounts. This item is altogether on the debit side, IV, 135.

THIRD WEEK

1 and 2. In the later part of his life, Tolstoy revolted against all works of art that did not carry a great moral message, including many of his own earlier novels and tales. Speaking of his activities as a social reformer, John Macy says, "If he had been a poor and obscure man, he would have been clapped into prison or exiled to Siberia. But he was king of literature, stronger than temporal kings." "The Prisoner in the Caucasus," as we have said elsewhere, is one of his two stories which he himself liked, VII, *II,* 202. If you care for Tolstoy get *Anna Karenina.*

3. One of the most picturesque rulers Russia ever had was Peter the Great. This is an account of him just before he came down to fight Charles XII of Sweden, by a man admirably fitted to describe him—Voltaire, III, 40.

4 and 5. "The Conquest of India," IV, 64. The men who made the British Empire are not unworthy, whatever one thinks of their achievement, to appear in the company of the great Peter.

6. Macaulay, as he seemed to Greville, III, 113. The fluent Macaulay in some of his less impressive moments. Greville wrote with alarming frankness in his diary, much of which was suppressed until more than sixty years after his death.

FOURTH WEEK

1. Thanksgiving Day comes this week.

"I Hear America Singing" . . .

"Each one singing what belongs to him or her and to none else." (X, *II*, 200.)

2. The only big thing that a country has to be thankful for are the people it produces. Sometimes we think our recent achievements along this line are not equal to some of our earlier ones, but it may be that the big figures out of the past are not obscured by a number of smaller ones, as is the case of our contemporaries. You have to be two or three generations removed from a man to be able to tell whether he is really great or not.

But what we set out to say is that there is an exceedingly interesting letter from Franklin to Washington on what posterity will think of him, V, 220.

3. There is another letter from Franklin to one Samuel Mather, on growing old, V, 222.

4. Letters are always revealing, and the Lee that the South has worshipped shines forth in his. Read first the two connected with the fall of the Confederacy: To the Committee offering him the presidency of Washington College (now Washington and Lee), V, 237; to Jefferson Davis, on his imprisonment, V, 239.

5. These four are connected with another phase of life: To his son, about to be married, V, 239; To a father, on his son neglecting his studies, V, 240; to a father, on the dismissal of his son, V, 241; to a father, on the death of his son, V, 242.

6. "A Backward Glance O'er Travel'd Roads," Walt Whitman, XII, 139.

DECEMBER

FIRST WEEK

1. "When Icicles Hang by the Wall," IX, *I*, 44.

2. "To a Snowflake," XI, *I*, 45.

3. "Snowbound," IX, *I*, 42.

4 and 5. It is fitting in December to think of the men and women who have lived who are worthy of the tradition of the day we celebrate this month. Among them is one who, though not canonized, has all the qualities of a mediæval saint. He is the Frenchman, Pasteur, whose name is attached to several sterilization processes. I, 145.

6. "Merlin and the Gleam," X, *II*, 212.

SECOND WEEK

1 and 2. Oscar Wilde once said that his talent was in his books, his genius in his life. In this

selection he describes with as much sincerity as he is capable of, and far be it from us to offer a guess as to how much that is, his emotions on being imprisoned in Reading Gaol, XII, 115.

3. Another singular genius is DeQuincey, XII, 78. He was one of those admirable men who have a wide range of interests and abilities without ever becoming either superficial or dull, and he had to boot, notable literary ability; so his works, written chiefly as magazine articles, have remained in literature. He is chiefly remembered as the author of *The Confessions of an English Opium Eater,* a book almost unique. Like certain scholars of our own time, he was greatly interested in murder. He knew Coleridge and Lamb, lived for a while near Wordsworth in the northeast of England, but an article he wrote on his association with Wordsworth brought about a complete break.

4 and 5. Still another is Laurence Sterne, III, 152, whose "Preface to a Sentimental Journey" you have already noted, 11, 223.

6. It is a happy feeling to come acrosss a perfectly normal man in the fields of letters. Such a one is Anthony Trollope, whose mother is much better known in this country than he, because of

a scathing book she wrote about us in our younger and more uncouth days, XII, 221.

THIRD WEEK

1. Another agreeably normal person is Thomas Hood, who was a close friend of Thackeray's and a frequent contributor to *Punch* during the time that Thackeray was connected with it. This is Hood as he seemed to Thackeray, III, 101.

2. A pension was granted to Hood just as he was dying. It could not do much for him, but it was a relief to know that Mrs. Hood would be cared for after he was gone, V, 1. Read also his poem, "Fair Ines," IX, *I*, 226.

3. A very interesting biographical study is Dickens's sketch of Richard, the Lion-Hearted. Richard has come down to us as a great crusader, a brave man, and something of a poet. Dickens's opinion of him was something entirely different, III, 24.

4 and 5. Macaulay's study of Lord Byron, III, 189, is a bit of exploration into the heart of the man who was the model of nearly all imaginative young men of his time and of a generation or two thereafter. Byron set the fashion in

heroes not only in fiction (it is comparatively recently that we have had a man in fiction who could take the place of the old romantic, satanic Byronic figure), but in life as well. Young men not only made themselves up to look like Byron, but they set out, like Byron, on heroic pilgrimages, many of them following their leader into Greece, where, like him, they fought for her independence, III, 189.

6. Continue with Byron. "Waterloo," IX, *I,* 198; "We'll Go No More A-Roving," IX, *I,* 244; "First Love," X, *II,* 103; "To Thomas Moore," X, *II,* 134.

FOURTH WEEK

1 and 2. *Without Benefit of Clergy,* VI, *I,* 72. This beautiful story of India has been called Kipling's masterpiece. Kipling was born in Bombay and as a child knew the natives of that picturesque country and saw the tragedy (as well as the not-tragedy) of their connection with the British Empire. A few years ago a slogan was sounded to the effect that no library was complete without Kipling complete. Certainly no library is complete without *Kim, The Light that Failed,* and one or two of the collections of short stories, *Soldiers Three, Plain Tales from the*

Hills, Under the Deodars, and if there are children in the family, the *Just So Stories* and *The Jungle Books.*

3. "A Ballad of Trees and the Master," Sidney Lanier. A picture of Christ in Gethsemane when "the little grey leaves were kind to him," IX, *I,* 19.

4. "Nowel," IX, *I,* 43. Geoffrey Chaucer. "The Frankleyns Tale," from which this selection is taken, is Chaucer's version of an old story of Brittany. The scene is on the Breton coast.

5. "Israfel," X, *II,* 223. Just as Shelley has been called "Ariel" because of his resemblance to that poetic sprite, so Poe has been called "Israfel," because of his resemblance to the angel of that name in his own poem. There used to be a belief that the stars sang as they revolved in their orbits more beautiful music than man could imagine, but when Israfel played upon his heartstrings they stopped to listen.

6. "A Minuet on Reaching the Age of Fifty," George Santayana, X, *II,* 236. In the Preface to his *Selected Poems,* Santayana, a major philosopher, tells just exactly why he is a minor poet, so the Preface is a most unusual one. He explains

that his birth and youth in Spain prevented his using the English language with that natural and fine freedom always present in the writing of those who express great feelings so perfectly as to create new idiom, and that the things he communicates are of a rather special and so minor order. But minor poets can sometimes write exquisite verse, and this is an instance. And men not born to English have shown that they can use it in a way that puts many of our native authors to shame. One, especially, who has done it is Joseph Conrad, born in Poland.

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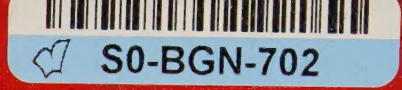
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